

Leads All the Rest.

During January, February, March and April of this year The Evening World carried **5087** columns of paid display advertising.

No other New York paper equalled this showing. The increase over The Evening World's own record for the corresponding four months of 1903 was **1270%** columns—more than twice the gain made by any other paper.

KEEP THE SCHOOLS OPEN.

The prospect that the vacation schools and playgrounds may be saved by the Connolly clause in the revised charter grows brighter.

While the legal question has been submitted to the Corporation Counsel, the plain intent of the clause seems to be that bonds may be issued by a unanimous vote of the Board of Estimate.

There ought to be no doubt of that unanimous vote. Whatever political and factional differences may exist between the members of the board should be forgotten when they face the grave problem of the Child and the Street.

The average daily attendance of the institutions menaced by the veto of "Butt-In Ben" of Albany is 100,000. As no record is kept of the individual pupils, whose coming is voluntary and irregular, the common estimate that 300,000 are reached and benefited by the playgrounds, bath-houses, roof-gardens and vacation schools is entirely reasonable.

Measuring cost against accomplishment, this is the cheapest work the Board of Education does. It costs the price of a cigar to each citizen; it costs a trifle over a dollar for each pupil.

The city of Hoboken has just had an impressive lesson upon the dangers of the street to young children. A curfew bell is seriously suggested to keep them off the streets in the evening.

But how about broad daylight in the streets? No curfew bell in the long hot summer days can keep children mewed up in the tenements. There is no retreat for them but the streets.

The dangers to children there are physical, mental, moral. There is the chance of their being crushed by traffic. There is the certainty of relaxation to their minds in long idleness. There is the danger of their undertaking petty theft and "gang" depredations and laying the foundations of serious crime, all out of sheer lack of something better to do.

The last and almost the greatest undertaking of our schools has been to supply this lack with pleasurable activity.

Sympathetic nature study instead of abusing homeless dogs and cats, basket making or scroll work or cooking instead of flinging stones at windows, the gymnasium instead of the "snipe," swimming instead of stealing—these are some of the substituted activities with which Gov. Odell sought to interfere by his astounding veto of the bond bill.

If he were to have his way New York would have neither a sufficient water supply nor adequate schools. If a unanimous vote in the Board of Estimate is all that is needed to disappoint him in the latter particular, there should be no doubt about that vote.

Peter McGuinness thought he wished to commit suicide and jumped from a ferryboat into the Hudson. The water was cold. He changed his mind and scrambled out upon a tugboat cheerfully enough. That is why suicide in cold water is much to be preferred to shooting or poison. Sometimes a man can swim out.

PLANKED BABIES.

Prof. Starr, of the University of Chicago, says that we should adopt the Indian method of strapping our babies to boards. He claims that babies thus planked will never be round-shouldered. This seems a reasonable contention.

He also claims that boarded babies "don't cry half as much as they do when given more liberty." This appears to need the proof of experiment, though it does seem likely that if we only strapped tight enough we could strap the cry out of the most fearful infant.

In any event Prof. Starr's is an interesting theory, and, if all he claims for it is proved, it is to be hoped that before long both the nurseries of the rich and the fire-escapes of the poor will be studded with babies, rigid but smiling in their planked placidity.

The Aldermanic committee on the bribery charges doesn't seem to be making much progress. Yet the question still remains: "Why was Port Chester held up?"

THE BLOOMERS' TRAGEDY.

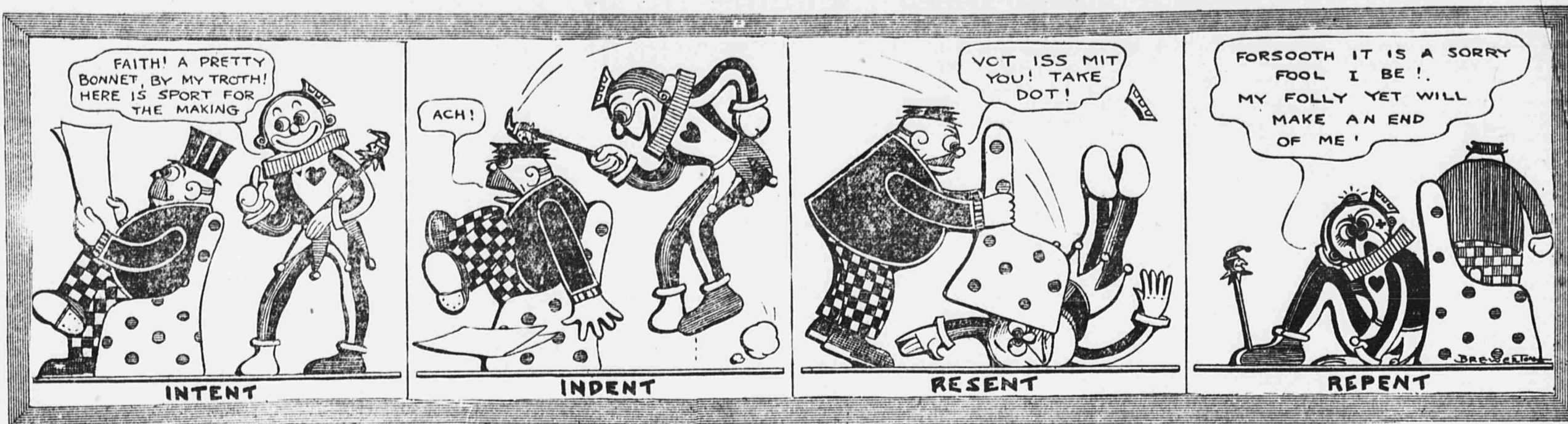
A lady named Mrs. Sperber has travelled 3,000 miles on foot through the jungles of South America. On her peregrinations she wore khaki bloomers. These the enlightened races of Ecuador and Peru treated with the veneration they deserved.

But, alas, the adventurous lady came to the United States, and did not leave her bloomers with the jungles! That is where her troubles began. For first the benighted savages of San Antonio arrested her, and next the misguided barbarians of Chicago stoned her.

These were, of course, outrages. But as an experienced explorer she should have investigated the customs and prejudices of our tribes before venturing among them.

She should have realized that bloomers, like morals, are a matter of geography.

Jack, the Jester, Whose Merry Pranks Are Told in Four Words



The Deadly Gift of Gush.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



WHAT is the most sterling masculine virtue, the most attractive masculine quality? The question has been asked a thousand times and answered in a thousand different ways. Strength, say some women, and others, courage, moral or physical, according to the point of view.

Do we admire most intellect or athlete, brain or brute? It seems to me that neither exceptional mental force nor marked physical strength commands half so much respect and liking as the combinations of the two which produces that entire control of mind and body which is best described as poise.

There are some men who seem to possess this greatest of masculine gifts so entirely as to be protected by it from any of the sudden misfortunes a harsh fate may inflict. It really serves them as a coat of mail against which the "allings and arrows of outrageous fortune," which caused the melancholy Prince of Denmark such concern, are blunted and thrown, spent and harmless, at their feet.

There are few men who do not share it in some degree. Indeed, they are as scarce in numbers as the women, who, in any measure, possess it.

For the greatest defects of the feminine character are due to a complete lack of poise, and the inevitable tendency to exaggeration and insincerity which result from it and which summarized, make up the deadly gift of gush.

Did you ever know a man who "rushed?" Ransack your memory for years back and at most you will discover embalm in contemptuous recollection some two or three.

Did you ever know a woman who did not gush. You can count them on the fingers of one hand, and about these even you were not quite determined as to whether their marked repose was due to superiority to the women about them or to a state of vegetable torpor which the others had traversed long centuries before.

The gushing woman thinks, speaks, moves in superlatives. If you happen to be the person she has met last, you are quite the sweetest she has ever met. If it was at your house she ate her last dinner or attended her last dance, it was there she had the greatest time of her life.

She saw the "dearest" negligee in a Twenty-third street window yesterday, and she bought the "sweetest pair of far shoes." She "adores" tan shoes—she is going to wear them "always." And so she chatters on, using and misusing all the words that have most meaning, and rendering them meaningless, and rendering them meaningless.

To be sure, as Sir Peter Teazle said of marriage, the crime carries the punishment along with it. For when at some moment of sincere emotion she searches her vocabulary for tender phrases, for endearing words, she finds it bankrupt, for has she not used them all in picturesque description of a new shirtwaist, or of her leaning in to the gastronomic rather than sartorial, in enthusiastic comment on the appearance of a parti-colored salad or perhaps the fascinating curl of a paper frill on a French chop.

HIS ROUTE.

"You reckon Br'er Jinkins went ter gity?"

"Lemme see. How high did de mule kick him?"—Atlanta Constitution.

BROWN EYES.

Her hazel eyes are deep As the fathomless eyes of Sleep.—Deep, deep—And will no love declare, And will no sorrow share, Nor laugh, nor weep? Warm tears may hide behind The eyelids cold; And treasure undivined, For Love to find, The depths may hold; But daring souls who dive Into the water brown, To seek the secrets there Sink and drown, Or else are chained alive A thousand fathoms down.—R. C. McFie in Harper's.

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

Mr. Peewee Congratulates the Western Union Directors.



To-day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial was written by C. F. Murphy, 223 West 21st Street, New York City.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1, D. VAN LIEW, No. 82 East Eighteenth street, New York City; No. 2, KENT B. STILES, No. 5911 Fifteenth avenue, Brooklyn; No. 3, TONY BURKE, No. 347 East Eighty-seventh street, New York City.

To-morrow's Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Gook, "Some Interesting Questions."

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. — By Roy L. McCardell.

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Theirs Would Be a Happy Little Home if It Were Not for the Sneering, Capricious Ways of that Man! Why Doesn't He Appreciate Her Gentle Nature?

"I HAVE noticed it a long time, Mr. Nagg. You are tired of your wife, you are tired of me, although I have been a good and gentle wife to you. I have made your home a haven of peace, but you do not care for that."

"I know you are yearning for your wild bachelor days when you belonged to a boisterous chess club and stayed out till all hours, sometimes as late as eleven o'clock, with that gay crowd. I can earn my own living. I will not be a drag upon you. Do not consider me. Only be frank. Tell me you are tired of your home and of our quiet, simple life and want to be a gay roisterer with your chess playing friends."

"There is Col. Wilkins, your old friend with the artificial legs. I know you long to be running around the town with him."

"Don't deny it. Didn't he and you go to the Museum of Natural History Sunday after Sunday in your wild bachelor days?"

"Even before he had his artificial

limbs and used to be pushed around in an invalid's chair you and he were two of the wildest men about town. "And then there was your other friend, Prof. Hammerstone, the geologist. You and he were gay rovers in those days. How many times did you go with Prof. Hammerstone to Fort Lee to bring home specimens from the Palisades?"

"Men are deceitful and tricky. Col. Wilkins has intentionally pretended to be an invalid for years simply to disarm suspicion. Perhaps, for all we know, he deliberately cut off his legs thinking then he might not be suspected when he lured married men away from their homes to go to his house and play chess with him."

"Chess is a brutal game. It leads to all sorts of dissipation. It makes a man moody and silent. Well, it does make them silent; you can't deny that!"

"You won't go, then, if it displeases me, you say?"

"Oh, no. Never let it be said that I kept you home when you would be out to all hours, getting yourself nervous

and excited and unfit for business, playing that awful game of chess."

"Why can't we have a cheerful game of poker here at home? Or a game of whist where we can all talk?"

"All right, you say that?"

"Come, Mamma and Aunt Ellen and Brother Willie, Mr. Nagg insists we play cards."

"All right, Brother Willie, we will have stakes, if you say so."

"Whose deal is it? What's trumps. Is it my lead?"

"Mamma, did you notice how Mrs. Gradley is looking? She is getting so fat. Oh, I know you think she is handsome, Mr. Nagg. You think every woman is handsome except your own wife."

"Here I am sitting not saying a word and nobody tells me it is my turn to play."

"You trumped your ace. Well, what's

the difference. Of course, I have a spade. Why didn't I follow suit then? Because I didn't choose to."

"Rules! What do I care for rules? I will play my way. I guess I ought to know. My poor papa was an elegant card-player; he lost all our money playing cards."

"What are you tearing your hair for, Mr. Nagg?"

"Ah, I know; you don't care for a quiet little game at cards in your own home. We are not good enough for you."

"There he goes! That's the way he always does!"

EXPLAINED.

"The trouble ain't with the farm," said the old man. "If the farm didn't have to do anything else support itself it could be made to pay; but it don't seem to be able to carry the burden of us livin' on it, so I reckon we are to blame."—Chicago Post.

WOULD SWEAR OFF TAX.

This conversation took place out in Kansas, where they tax bachelors. "She—And you swear you will always love me?"

"Well, I can't quite do that, you know, but I am willing to swear off my tax."—Brooklyn Eagle.



The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Are the Grout "Mines" a Play for the Governorship?

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Comptroller Grout is planting mines under Tammany Hall."

"You know what happens to people who plant mines," said the Man Higher Up. "Look at Russia and Japan. They planted mines and reaped explosions. Mr. Grout seems to forget that if he had stuck to the Fusion ticket last year he would have been snowed under and rendered politically innocuous, but he is not violating any promises to Charles F. Murphy, because Murphy didn't exact any promises from him. On the other hand, there has always existed in politics a sort of an understanding that ingratitude is an invitation for the knife, and Mr. Grout in allowing David B. Hill to use him as a political Mrs. Nagg is laying himself up for a stab."

"To my personal knowledge, Mr. Grout was so surprised when he ran ahead of his ticket the first time he was elected with Low that he was in a trance for two days. When he woke up the gubernatorial buzz was hatched out in his bonnet and it has been buzzing ever since. David B. Hill, in absolute control of the last Saratoga Convention, might have nominated Grout, but he preferred to run Coler, and Odell was elected. Evidently Grout thinks that Senator Hill is going to be kinder next fall."

"The Comptroller got along all right with Tammany until there was talk of running McClellan for Governor, except that he wouldn't give a Tammany man a job. Ever since the McClellan boom has shown signs of being able to go the route Mr. Grout has been working like a hired man on piece-work on his fences, but how he expects to get a Brooklyn and Tammany delegation to the State Convention is something that will have to be dreamed out with the aid of a layout and a good cook."

"Why wouldn't Grout make a good Governor?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"You'll have to ask Hugh McLaughlin about that," answered the Man Higher Up.

Fables, Far, Far from Gay.

No. 11—The Physical Culture Fiend.

THERE was once a man who, though a Prodigal Son himself in the Way of Waste Tissue, doted on seeing the Fatted Calf on other People's Shins. He hung out a Sign, "Temperance Teacher Fizzleman."

From morning to night he kept Rubbing it in, and he had his "Views on Cereals" serialized to increase the Circulation of the "Bad Blood Buster." For him every meal was oatmeal, every Tenderloin a Red Light of Warning, every "P" a Greek letter.

In the matter of Shoes he was such a Protestant that he would not have bought Indulgences to save his Sole, and he scorned to read "Pilgrim's Progress" just because of a Bunyan, for he maintained that the Extremities should not be carried to Extremes.

His Bachelor Apartments were Honeycombed with Trolleys for his Triceps, Bicycles for his Biceps and all sorts of Stunts to keep him from getting Stunted. But his favorite Exercise was doing a Jew-Jitsu, in which he was so good that his Friends declared he was the Duplicate of his Master.

Thus he Kicked and Kept from Waxing Fat till you might have struck him by accident for a Match—except for fear of his going off in a faint.

But most of all he Admired the Athletic Girl; and at last he confessed his Subjection to the Charms of the leading Strong Woman of a Museum.

And now he is an Object Lesson and an Exhibit, where you may see him any Night performing to his Wife's part of "A Hundred Uppercuts a Minute," as Advertised outside.

If you ask him about Cereals after the Show his face will assume a Serious expression and he will answer: "Hush-sh! Oh! Ah! Yes, anything, thanks."

The Papal Seals.

Every Pope has three seals. The first is engraved on a ring, and represents St. Peter in a boat, with the name of the Pope on a label. This is the Fisherman's Ring, and was used for the first time in 1465. The second is a double seal which is used to stamp the lead on the Papal bulls. The oldest specimen in the Vatican is that of Pope Honorius, and bears the date 621. This seal has on one side the figure of St. Peter and St. Paul, and on the other the name of the Pope for the time being. The third is the seal which bears the private arms of the Pope, and is used only for his private correspondence.

A Weird Menace.

Close to the old Aargvaldsnaes Church on Kurneas Island, Norway, and leaning toward it, is a stone pillar about twenty-five feet high called the "Virgin Mary's Needle." Tradition holds that when the pillar touches the church world will come to an end. The superstitious local people whenever they imagine that its point is getting nearer the church, mount the pillar, it is said, and cut off the top so as to save the world from an untimely end.